

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

A Narrative of Travels in Northern Africa, in the Years 1818, 19, and 20; accompanied by Geographical Notices of Soudan, and of the Course of the Niger, &c. By Captain G. F. Lyon, R. N. companion of the late Mr. Ritchie. 4to. pp. 383. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH Africa has been the grave of so many adventurous spirits, yet such is the zest for inquiry, that there is no want of a succession of new travellers, ready at all hazards to pursue the daring enterprise of exploring lands unknown. It would be a melancholy narrative to recapitulate the fate of those who have hitherto endeavoured to traverse the interior of Africa; most of them, however, have left memorable records of the disposition by which they were actuated; and while we shed a tear for their sufferings and their end, we draw a veil over the sad picture and turn to the more successful adventurers, whose records must be read with an increased interest from their comparative rarity.

Captain Lyon was the companion of Mr. Ritchie, when that gentleman was employed by the British government on a mission to the interior of Africa, in 1818. The tour is divided into two parts. The first comprises the original purpose of the mission from Tripoli to Morzouk, where the unfortunate Mr. Ritchie died, the second embraces Captain Lyon's examination of the remainder of the kingdom of Fezzan, from the death of his companion until the final return of the mission to Tripoli; it being deemed too hazardous to attempt advancing farther into the interior without fresh authority and additional pecuniary supplies from government.

It is much to be lamented that, in consequence of Mr. Ritchie's frequent and debilitating attacks of illness, and his having relied too much on a singularly retentive memory, he had from time to time delayed committing his remarks to paper, in the delusive anti-

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cipation of ease and leisure, which unhappily he was destined never to enjoy; and it was owing to this unfortunate procrastination that much valuable information has been lost. Captain Lyon, however, having kept a regular journal, has been enabled, in some degree, to supply the defect; his object being, as he assures us, 'only to detail facts in the plainest manner, without attempt at embellishment of any kind;' this not only bespeaks indulgence, but gives an additional value to his narrative. Deferring for the present all critical remarks on the literary merits of this work, we shall proceed to notice the principal incidents which it records.

It was on the 10th of October, 1818, that Mr. Ritchie, accompanied by M. Dupont, a Frenchman in his pay, whom he had engaged for the purpose of collecting and preparing objects of natural history, and a shipwright named John Belford, sailed from Malta for Tripoli; at which place he was joined by Captain Lyon on the 25th of November. Mr. Ritchie's intention was to proceed to Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, with the Sultan of that country, who was about to take a large body of men for the purpose of waging war on the inhabitants of Waday (the Borgoo of Brown), which is to the southward and eastward of Fezzan. Mohammed el Mukni, the Sultan of Fezzan, had by intrigues and force got the government of that country in 1811, when, having established himself, he waged war on his defenceless neighbours and annually carried off 4000 or 5000 slaves.

In order to prepare for the journey, Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon suffered their beards to grow, and had their heads shaved. Their costume was that of the better class of Tripolines, who have two kinds of dresses; the one long and worn chiefly by elderly men and persons of great consequence, the other short and worn generally. Our travellers fully adopted the dress and appearance of Moslems, using all their endeavours to become acquainted with their manners. Mr. Ritchie assumed the name of Yussuf el Ritchie; Belford was called Ali; Dupont, Mourad;

and Captain Lyon was styled Said ben abd Allah. Before we accompany Captain Lyon on his journey, we shall quote a few passages from his work relating to Tripoli, where—

'The most extraordinary characters are the Marabouts, a set of people much spoken of in all Moslem countries; but it strikes me that the requisites necessary to constitute one of these saints are not every where the same. In the interior they consist in keeping up the outward show of sanctity, in abstaining from proscribed liquors, in avoiding improper or profane expressions, in being faithful to the limited number of wives, (namely, four,) and in not intriguing with the wives of other men; whilst in Tripoli, such forbearance is by no means considered necessary. The Marabouts there are of two classes: ideots, who are allowed to say and do whatever they please; and men possessed of all their senses, who, by juggling and performing many bold and disgusting tricks, establish to themselves the exclusive right of being the greatest rogues and nuisances to be met with. There are mosques in which these people assemble every Friday afternoon, and where they eat snakes, scorpions, &c. affecting to be inspired, and committing the greatest extravagancies.

'On the 9th of January, 1819, their annual festival began, and continued for three days, with all its barbarous ceremonies. On, or rather before this day, the great Marabout is supposed to inspire those who are to appear in the processions, and who, according to their abilities, are more or less mad and furious. The natural fools are always ready for the exhibition; and it is amusing to observe their looks of astonishment at being on that day, more than any other, brought into notice. During the time the Marabouts, (who are guarded and attended by a great number of people,) are allowed to parade the street, no Christians or Jews can with any safety make their appearance, as they would, if once in the power of these wretches, be instantly torn to pieces; indeed, wherever they show themselves on their terraces or from windows, they are sure of a plentiful shower of stones from the boys who are in attendance.

'As I was in the dress of the country, and very anxious to witness the whole of the ceremonies, I ventured to go out with our dragoman, and to make my way to

the mosque from which the procession was to set out. I certainly felt that my situation was a very dangerous one; but being resolved on the attempt, and telling the man to follow me closely, I dashed in with the crowd, and succeeded in getting near the saints, who, with dishevelled hair, were rapidly turning round, and working themselves into a most alarming state of frenzy. A band of barbarous music was playing to them, while several men were constantly employed in sprinkling them with rose-water. Had I been discovered, my life would have been in very great jeopardy; but, fortunately, I was able to keep my countenance, and to pass unnoticed; and, when the performers were sufficiently inspired, sallied out with them, and followed through the streets. One had a large nail run through his face, from one cheek to the other; and all had bitten their tongues in so violent a manner, as to cause blood and saliva to flow copiously. They were half naked, at intervals uttering short groans and howls; and as they proceeded, (sometimes three or four a-breast, leaning on each other,) they threw their heads backwards and forwards with a quick motion, which caused the blood to rise in their faces, and their eyes to project from the sockets to a frightful degree. Their long black hair, which grew from the crown of the head, (the other parts being closely shaven,) was continually waving to and fro, owing to the motion of the head. One or two, who were the most furious, and who continually attempted to run at the crowd, were held by a man on each side, by means of a rope, or a handkerchief tied round the middle. As we passed through one of the streets, a party of Maltese and other Christians were discovered on a terrace, and were instantly assailed by showers of stones. I observed, that whenever the Maraboots passed the house of a Christian, they affected to be ungovernable, and endeavoured to get near it, pretending they made the discovery by smelling out unbelievers. After following for an hour or two, during which I witnessed the most horrible and revolting scenes, I returned home, when, to my great amusement, I learnt that a rumour prevailed of my having been attacked and very ill treated; and that I had, in defending myself, stabbed a Maraboot, and run away, no one knew whither. I was happy to be enabled in person to contradict these reports, and to prove that I had escaped not only unhurt, but unobserved. There were two parties who traversed the town; but from their being of opposite sects, and at war with each other, it was so arranged that they should take different routes.

That which I did not see was the superior one, and took its departure from under the walls of the castle. It was headed by a man named Mohammed, who had been much at our house, going on errands, and attending our horses. I did not, until afterwards, know he was so

celebrated a character. Before the time of the procession, he was confined in a dungeon, in consequence of his becoming very furious. When all was in readiness for the ceremony, the bashaw took his station in the balcony overlooking the arsenal, and this man was set at liberty, when he rushed on an ass, and with one thrust pushed his hand into the animal's side, from which he tore its bowels, and began to devour them. Many eat dogs and other animals; and on that day a little Jew boy was killed in the street, either by the Maraboots or their followers.

As the power of taking up serpents and scorpions is supposed to constitute a Maraboot, I determined on acquiring that honourable title. Mr. Ritchie bought some snakes, which we all learnt to handle, and I soon found out an effectual way of taking up the largest scorpions without the slightest chance of being stung.

Drunkenness is more common in Tripoli than in England. There are public wine houses, at the doors of which the Moors sit and drink without any scruple. The better class of people also drink very hard; but their favourite beverage is Rosalia, an Italian cordial. As a singular instance of the enterprising spirit of our northern brethren, it may be mentioned that the admiral of the fleet at Tripoli is a Scotchman by birth, though now turned a Mamluke, and called Mourad Rais. He bears an excellent character. The modes of punishment at Tripoli are totally different from any of those practised by Europeans:—

Some crimes are considered capital by law; but many are rendered so by the whim of the Bashaw, in which case hanging, decapitating, and strangling are used. The Moors are never employed as hangmen; but the first Jew who happens to be at hand has that office conferred upon him, and he is obliged to accompany the culprit to the ramparts over the town gate, attended by the guards and mob, when he puts on the rope well or ill, according to his ability, attaching it to a bolt fixed in the wall for that purpose. The unfortunate victim is then forced through an embrasure, and suspended by the side of the gate way, so as to be seen by all who enter or leave the town. When decapitation is the punishment, the head alone is exposed to public view.

Torture is not unfrequently made use of; but as all punishments of that kind are confined to the dungeons of the castle, none can or dare give any description of the nature of it. Theft (as presented by the Koran) is punished by cutting off a hand, and if to a very great extent, a foot also; but repeated offences of this kind extend sometimes to an amputation of the other hand or foot, and I once saw a man, who,

for a capital crime, had been mutilated in this manner. The operation is performed with a razor. The limb is first tied tight above the joint with a piece of cord, and the hand or foot is taken out of the socket of the wrist or ankle joint. The stump is then dipped into hot pitch, and the sufferer is permitted to go away with his friends; and it is astonishing how soon he recovers, without any other dressing than the one which I have mentioned. Beating with a stick on the posteriors or soles of the feet is the general punishment for minor offences; although, in some cases, it is so severe as to occasion death. Four or five hundred lashes are frequently given; but fifty is about the general allowance. Some culprits, who, by bribery or other means, are able to influence the persons employed to see the sentence executed, contrive to stuff their trousers so as to escape without much suffering. This punishment is inflicted equally on all ranks, at the pleasure of the Bashaw; and, should even his own sons, his minister, or the sheikh of the town displease him, they would be obliged to submit to it, as well as the lowest of his subjects; nor would they consider themselves at all degraded, or their dignity in any degree lessened by it.

The Tripoline marriages (which no man is allowed to see) are conducted with great splendour, and the night is the time chosen for the bride to be conveyed to the house of her husband, when she is attended by a large troop of women, who carry torches, and utter loud and repeated cries of joy. The burials have nothing remarkable. It is the custom at all the funerals to liberate one or more slaves, who may at the time belong to the family of the deceased, and food is distributed among the poor, who, on these occasions, never fail to attend in great numbers.

Mr. Ritchie, finding that Mukni still delayed his departure, determined on visiting Beniroleed and the Gharian mountains. For this purpose, he set out on the 7th of February, 1819, accompanied by Captain Lyon, and a Chowse with two camels; M. Dupont having resigned his office, and Belford being left in charge of the house at Tripoli. The Arabs in the Gharian mountains live under ground, so that a person unacquainted with the circumstance might cross them without once suspecting that they were inhabited. All the dwelling places are formed in the same manner, and therefore the following description of the Sheikh's will serve for the rest:—

The uppersoil is sandy earth, of about four feet in depth; under this sand, and in some places limestone, a large hole is

dug, to the depth of twenty-five or thirty feet, and its breadth in every direction is about the same, being, as nearly as can be made, a perfect square. The rock is then smoothed, so as to form perpendicular sides to this space, in which doors are cut through, and arched chambers excavated, so as to receive their light from the doors. These rooms are sometimes three or four of a side, in others, a whole side composes one; the arrangements depending on the number of the inhabitants. In the open court is generally a well, water being found at about ten or twelve feet below the base of the square. The entrance to the house is at about thirty-six yards from the pit, and opens above ground. It is arched over head; is generally cut in a winding direction, and is perfectly dark. Some of these passages are sufficiently large to admit a loaded camel. The entrance has a strong wall built over it, something resembling an ice-house. This is covered over head, and has a very strong heavy door, which is shut at night, or in cases of danger. At about ten yards from the bottom is another door, equally strong, so that it is almost impossible to enter these houses, should the inhabitants determine to resist.

Captain Lyon, while in these mountains, went in search of animals called gundy, and after lying down flat in the rain for three or four hours, was fortunate enough to shoot three, which he prepared, in order that they might be sent to the British Museum; they being the first of the species known in Europe:—

‘These animals resemble very much a guinea-pig in form, but are of a light brown mouse colour. The fur is longer than that of a rat, and is very silky; the eyes are black, large, and prominent; the orifices of the ears, (which are quite flat against the sides of the head,) are also black, and free from hair; the tail, or rather a little stump resembling one, is just perceptible to the touch, and from it grows a bunch or tuft of long black hair. The body is very round and fat, particularly broad at the shoulders. These animals burrow among the rocks. They are eaten with great relish by the Arabs, and no doubt are very good, as the flesh is exceedingly white and fat, and resembles that of a rabbit.’

The Arabs of the tribe of Orfilly are a fine handsome race of people, and the young girls are really beautiful. These poor Arabs are dreadfully oppressed by the Bashaw, who has reduced them all to a most miserable state of poverty. Those who remain in the country are in rags; the others, who let their camels out to hire, and accompany traders to the interior, are somewhat better off. They were once a brave daring set of men, who defied the government of Tripoli; and, during

the youth of the present Bashaw, fully protected him from his father's troops.

Our author gives a long and interesting account of the Arabs, and their manners and customs. He describes them as generally tall, straight, and well-formed, rather thin and muscular. Their countenances are expressive and handsome, and their noses aquiline; their complexion naturally white, but become dark from continual exposure to the sun. They are very active, capable of undergoing great fatigue and abstinence from food, lively in their manners, daring, and possessed of much cunning; though generous, they are great beggars; revengeful and unforgiving. The general costume of the man is a large loose shirt and trowsers of cotton, sandals, or tight half boots of red leather, and a red cap. A wrapper of woollen cloth like flannel, twenty or five and twenty feet long, is wrapt round the body in folds. The dress of the females differs but little from that of the men in the materials, but they put it on in a different manner. Young women wear their hair in tresses, to which they attach beads, pieces of coral, silver, &c. The old women frizzle their hair over the forehead, so as to make it project to some distance; and they dye it of a dull red colour:—

‘All the females have a practice of tattooing their chins, the tips of their noses, and between the eyebrows. Their necks and arms are also frequently marked. The favourite figure is that of a hand, which is intended to avert the “evil eye.” They wear red lacing boots, in the same manner as the men. When young (that is to say, fifteen or sixteen), they have fine figures, and are exceedingly handsome; but they soon lose their good looks and pleasing form, and become as ugly as they were before beautiful. Their eyes are black and large; their noses straight and well proportioned; they have small lips, and their teeth are exquisitely white. Nothing, in fact, can exceed in prettiness an Arab girl; but the old women are, without exception, the most hideous and disgusting creatures I ever beheld. Both sexes blacken their eye lids with kohol, or lead ore powdered, which adds much to the brilliancy of the eye, and makes it appear larger than it is. They all wear an immense quantity of agebs, or charms, against disorders and misfortunes.’

Marriages are conducted in most instances without either party having seen the other, the agreement being entirely on the part of the parents. Though four wives are allowed to all Mohammedans, the Arabs very rarely

have more than two and sometimes only one. The ceremony of conducting a bride to her husband is singular; a frame is fixed on the back of a camel which has very gay trappings for the occasion. The bride is placed in the frame and while thus sitting is housed over with carpets, shawls, and ostrich feathers. We shall conclude for the present with some further interesting extracts relating to the Arabs:—

‘The Bedouins sow their scanty stock of corn, after turning up the earth with a rude plough, or more generally with a hoe. These cultivated spots are respected by other wanderers, and the corn is rarely stolen; should the Bashaw, indeed, be at war with the Arabs, he never fails to destroy their crops. When a sufficient time has elapsed to allow of the grain being in a state of maturity, those to whom it belongs come and gather in their harvest (sometimes before it is perfectly ripe), lest the Bashaw should be informed of the circumstance, and deprive them of a larger portion than they can afford; emissaries, indeed, are never wanting, who make it their business to ascertain the exact time when the corn is to be cut, and then pounce on the poor Arabs for the Bashaw's share of it. To avoid such taxes, therefore, they sometimes gather it so prematurely, that it will not serve as seed for the ensuing year. When the date season commences, many families come and pitch their tents in the Meshea of Tripoli, in order to purchase dates for their future subsistence; these they deprive of the stones, and when kneaded together, keep them in skins, so as to preserve them from insects or wet: these form their chief support, assisted by the milk of their sheep and camels. That of the camel, as I have before noticed, is thin, of a bluish colour (resembling cow's milk mixed with water), and rather salt to the taste; it throws up no cream, but soon conglutates like new curds. The ewe milk is excellent, but is never drank fresh, the Arabs preferring it sour, or, more properly, as butter-milk. The flocks are milked morning and night into large bowls, and when a sufficient quantity is thus collected, it is poured into skins, without much attention being paid to its cleanliness, when, by shaking and rolling it about, butter is procured, and generally attaches itself to the side of the skin; the milk being then strained from it into other vessels, is allowed to grow sour, and a quantity of butter being produced, it is boiled with a little salt until it becomes like oil, and is then poured into goat-skins, and is fit for use or market.

‘Cheese is procured by turning the milk with a certain herb (the name of which I have forgotten), and the curds, being salted, are spread out to dry in the sun, when they resemble little crumbs, and are very pleasant to the taste. I did not see any other kind of cheese than the

one I have mentioned, and this is rather scarce, and used as a luxury in many of their little messes. Sometimes it is toasted, and has a very agreeable flavour. It is called Jibn.

'A great article of commerce is the fat, which the shepherds procure from the sheep they kill. They cut it from every part of the body, salt it, and lay it by until a large quantity is collected, when, whether putrid or not, they boil it, until it bear some resemblance to the grease used by tallow chandlers; it is then poured into skins, and is fit for use. In the interior it sells at about a shilling a pound; but at Tripoli it is much cheaper. It is put into almost every article of food by the Arabs, and though not very savoury, we soon became accustomed to its taste. It is called Shahm.'

'Bazeen (which, in Fezzan, is called Aseeda) is the most common food, as being the easiest prepared. It is made of the flour of any grain (bishna and barley are mostly used near Tripoli) in the following manner. A large pot, of copper or iron, is placed on the fire, with a little water in it, which is suffered to boil. Flour is then thrown in, until it acquires the consistency of dough, when it is stirred well about with a large stick (water being occasionally added, if necessary,) until it is quite thick, and begins to assume the appearance of a pudding, when it is taken out, and placed in a bowl. After being beat into a circular shape, and having a hole made in the centre, gravy, oil, butter, or grease, is poured on it, and it is then ready for eating, which is done by pinching pieces out with the right hand, and kneading them with the grease until they assume the appearance of thick paste. Should there be no gravy or grease to be procured, a little flour mixed with hot water is used instead of it. It requires much strength of arm to make bazeen properly, as the stick is wielded by both hands, and the pot is confined on the fire by having a forked piece of wood placed against it, on which the woman kneels while preparing the mess.'

'Bread is made as in Europe. It is leavened with flour, or a preparation of dates, moulded into little cakes, shaped like buns. The ovens are generally formed in the ground: a hole is made about two feet in depth, and in the shape of a large jar, contracted at the mouth; it is then encrusted inside with clay. Wood is thrown in and burnt, until a thick layer of glowing ashes is collected at the bottom, and the oven is thoroughly heated; the loaves are then put in by a woman, who bares and wets her arm, and sticks them against the side with great dexterity; when done enough, if not speedily taken off, they fall into the embers. Sometimes meat is dressed in these ovens; a kind of crumpet, also, called fetaat, made in the same way as mogatta, but without leaven, is slightly baked in them: one of these crumpets is then placed in a bowl, and

soup and vegetables are poured over it; another is then put in, and soup added as before, and so on in successive layers, until the bowl is full. All these messes are eaten with the fingers.

'There is great variety in the manner of dressing meat, which is stewed, boiled, or baked; but for journeys, the Arabs have a very good way of preserving it, by cutting it into thin slices, drying it in the sun, and afterwards stewing it in fat. I have often observed them eating small grasses, which they found as they pursued their journey; and to my inquiries how they knew them to be innoxious, the general reply was,—that whatever an animal which chewed its cud could eat with safety, must be food for man. There is a species of dandelion, very bitter, and exuding a white juice, which is very much liked by the sheep as well as their masters. The taste, at first, is very unpleasant; but I soon became accustomed to it. The colocynth apple grows in great quantities in some parts of the desert, and is almost the only medicine used by the Arabs. Burning is always had recourse to, and many of them are in consequence covered with scars; it is also occasionally used to show the force of love; and both sexes practise it when they wish to give proof of very strong affection.'

'The Arabs have but few amusements beyond dancing and a game called helga, which resembles draughts, and is played with camels dung or date stones, in holes made in the sand. The noise uttered by these people at their festivals, or on any joyful occasion, is most extraordinary; and being very shrill, it may be heard at a great distance, particularly if several persons join in chorus: it is a piercing cry from the throat (the mouth being quite open), to which a tremulous sound is given by a rapid motion of the tongue from side to side; it is very enlivening, and when it becomes familiar to the ear, far from disagreeable.

'The manner of salutation used among the Arabs is particularly striking, and certainly not ungraceful. Friends, on meeting, seize each the right hand of the other, then loosen and apply the tips of their fingers to their mouths, afterwards laying the open hand on the heart, they press it, and gently incline the head at the same time. Very intimate acquaintances mutually lift their joined right hands in such a manner that each kisses the back of the other's hand, repeating, with the greatest rapidity, "How are you? well, how are you? Thank God, how are you? God bless you, how are you?" which compliments, in a well bred man, never last less than ten minutes; and, whatever may be the conversation afterwards, it is a mark of great good breeding occasionally to interrupt it, bowing solemnly, and asking, "How are you?" though an answer to the question is by no means considered necessary, as he who asks it is perhaps looking another way, and thinking of something else. I must not omit to

mention a particular instance of good breeding which I met with amongst these people: a man begged me one day to reach him a piece of straw which lay near me, that he might take out of a cup of water a bird which had fallen into it. I perceived, however, that it was only a fly; and was afterwards informed, that they consider it disrespectful to make use of the word fly in the presence of a superior.

'The questions asked, and observations made by some of the inland Arabs respecting our country, were very curious; amongst other extraordinary fancies, they have an idea, originating in the name given to the Atlantic, Bahr el blem, sea of darkness, that we have no sun or moon in the countries which are in the sea, and, in consequence, they imagine that our ships sail about with great lanterns attached to them. They also believe that Christians use the milk of pigs as a beverage, and, in fact, that it forms their chief subsistence. That we have horses, cows, and sheep, is not at all credited by them; and that our country should be destitute of dates excites their greatest commiseration. They cannot at all conceive how we avoid falling off our islands and rolling into the sea, or how, being surrounded by water, we have sufficient room for animals to graze. There are some, on the other hand, who think highly of our wealth and dignity, until they are told that our country is an island, when their admiration decreases considerably. Buonaparte, or, as the Arabs call him, Bono barto, is in great estimation amongst them, not on account of his military achievements; but because they have heard that he has 200,000 dollars an hour, and that he sits on a golden throne.'

After returning to Tripoli, Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon made preparation for the journey to Morzouk, where we shall accompany them in our next.

(To be continued.)

A Vision of Judgment. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate, &c. 4to. pp. 79. London, 1821.

How are the mighty fallen? how is the fine gold changed? must be the exclamation of every admirer of Mr. Southey, when he reads this abortion of his genius, the 'Vision of Judgment.' Is this the man who sung the 'Maid of Orleans,' 'Wat Tyler,' and 'of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.' To what extent the debasement of talents, and the prostitution of principle may be carried, Mr. Southey furnishes a memorable instance. We know not which to condemn most, the prosing absurdity of this poem, its wanton political profligacy, or its blasphemy. Let us no longer be told of the licen-

tiousness of the press, of the irreligious tenets of Carline, or of the parodies of Hone; the poet laureate—yes, the poet laureate himself, outstrips them all, in a poem which he has the hardihood to inscribe, in a fulsome dedication, to his sovereign, not without the hope, we suppose, that this production, wretched as it is, will be afterwards considered as one of 'the achievements of the Georgian age.'

Mr. Southey, it appears, has long been of opinion, that an English metre might be constructed in imitation of the ancient hexameter, which would be perfectly consistent with the character of our language, and capable of great richness, variety, and strength; and although Sir Philip Sidney failed in the 'attempt to naturalize this fine measure,' yet Mr. Southey, by making the experiment, has 'fulfilled one of the hopes and intentions of his early life,' and has the vanity to think that it 'may be considered hereafter as of some importance in English poetry.' Of what importance, we think we can enable our readers to decide, without entering at all into the inquiry, how far the English metre is suited to hexameters.

The subject of this poem is no less a personage than our late venerable sovereign, whom Mr. Southey attends beyond the grave, and wishes to inform us of his reception in the world of spirits. The poem commences with the author's trance, when he was standing at some window, whence he had a panoramic view of 'mountain and lake and vale,' and of—

'The hills that, calm and majestic,
Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from far
Glamorgan,
Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Grizedal and
westernmost Withop.'

As he stood contemplating these hills, with their harmonious names, the bell 'sent for its note again toll, toll,' which we are told is a 'deep dull sound, that is heavy and mournful at all times, for it tells of mortality always.' This bell tolled for no common death,—

'For this was the day when the herald
Breaking his wand should proclaim, that
George our King was departed.
Thou art released! I cried, thy soul is deliver'd
from bondage!'

This ejaculation was answered by 'a startling voice from the twilight,' which gave our entranced poet 'a stroke as of lightning,' and made all around him 'blackness utterly blank and void,' as if he 'were alone in the chaos;' but, on recognizing him for a poet, and the poet laureate we presume,—

'Then came the Voice, but then no longer ap-
palling,

Like the voice of a friend it came: O son of the
muses!

Be of good heart, it said, and think not that thou
art abandoned;

For to thy mortal sight shall the grave unshad-
ow its secrets,—

Such as of yore the Florentine saw, Hell's peril-
ous chambers—

He who trod in his strength; and the arduous
mountain of Penance,

And the regions of Paradise, sphere within
sphere intercircled

Child of earth, look up! and behold what passes
before thee.'

The poet is conducted to the *vault*, where we should almost suspect he had for a second time inhaled some of Sir Humphry Davy's nitrous acid gas*, if we may judge from the effect of the circumambient air upon him. He inquires,—

'And whence this air that infuses
Strength while I breathe it in, and a sense of
life, and a stillness—

Filling the heart with peace, and giving a joy
that contents it?

Not of the earth that light; and these paradi-
siacal breathings,

Not of the earth are they!'

The description of the strain of heavenly music which he heard is pretty, but he has left us to question his orthodoxy, and to doubt whether he is heathen or Roman Catholic, from his allusion to 'the beatified virgin,' and to the strains of Amphion and Orpheus. The music is described to have been—

'Such as the hermit hears when angels visit his
slumbers.

Faintly it first began, scarce heard; and gentle
its rising,—

Low as the softest breath that passes in summer
at evening,

O'er the Eolian strings, felt there when nothing
is moving,

Save the thistle-down, lighter than air, and the
leaf of the aspen—

Then, as it swell'd and rose, the thrilling melo-
dy deepened!'

We now come to the third part of this poem, for so, we presume, we must still call it, which is *the awakening of the King*; and here the good old monarch is introduced as entering into a colloquy with Spencer Percival, and talking about the news—'what course by the prince had been followed,' and how peace was obtained at last with safety and honour. We will not inquire how Mr. Percival learns so accurately all the events which occurred after his death, and which he relates with so much minuteness to his sovereign, who died eight years after him; all these things are, no doubt, easily reconciled to Mr. Southey's fancy, when, in 'a

* When Mr. Southey inhaled some of this gas, a few years ago, he declared that he supposed 'the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens to be composed of this gas.' See *Literary Chronicle*, No 57.

fine frenzy rolling,' he jumbles together 'the ghosts obscene of Robespierre, Danton, Hebert, Faux, and Despard.'

'*The Gate of Heaven*' is the fourth part. Here an angel proclaims that 'King George of England cometh to judgment,' and calls on hell to bring forth his accusers; when 'hell, in her nethermost caverns, heard and obeyed in dismay.' This brings us to the fifth chapter, '*The Accusers*,' and as our readers would find some difficulty in guessing who would stand forth to impeach the good old King, we must inform them who Mr. Southey, we beg pardon, who the Devil has selected; for the choice is left to him. Why, no other than Wilkes, whom the poet recognized by 'the cast of his eye oblique,' and who comes amidst 'the hubbub of senseless sounds;' and Junius, 'his comrade in guilt and in suffering,' who, leaving behind him 'the pest of an evil example, went to the world beyond, where no offences are hidden.' Wilkes and Junius, however, turn out to be very bad witnesses; they are dumb, and more like the accused than the accusers. The 'multifaced demon, in anger,' failing in his evidence by the *non mi ricordos* of Wilkes and Junius, called them caitiffs, 'swung them aloft, and in vengeance hurled them all abroad, far into the sulphurous darkness;' while the demon, 'caught up by a vehement whirlwind, he, too, was hurried away.' Poor Wilkes is accused of having caused the American revolution, which caused the French revolution; and, of course, all the ills past, present, and to come, arising from that event, are chargeable on the caitiff with 'eye oblique.' The poet not being able to describe the personal appearance of Junius, rivets 'a visor of iron round his head,' which 'abolished his features for ever.'

When the *accusers* have been dismissed, the *absolvers* are introduced, and this brings the poet to 'the middle of his song,' *alias* the sixth division of his poem. Among the principal absolvers is Washington, who approaches the King, 'not unprepared for the meeting ween I,' and they mutually acquit each other of all blame in the American war, and express a wish that all nations should 'cognate knowledge and freedom,' and 'live in brotherhood wisely conjoined.'

The *Beatification*, which is the seventh chapter of the *Vision*, we pass over, as we wish every reader of the poem to do; for, if it is not blasphemy, it is so near an approach to it, that the

distinction is by no means apparent. The eighth division is entitled *The Sovereigns*; here Charles I. and William III., Queen Elizabeth and the Black Prince, all hob-nob together; while Richard, whose—

‘Leonine heart was with virtues humaner ennobled,
(Otherwise, else, be sure, his doom had now been appointed,’

is holding a *tete-a-tete* with Alfred and the other Saxon kings; and the poet perceives—

‘The joy which fill’d their beatified spirits,
While of the Georgian age they thought and the glory of England.’

Having dismissed the *sovereigns*,—and, by the by, the poet has only placed half-a-dozen of them, since the conquest, in this abode of eternal happiness,—we come to the *Elder Worthies*, who form the ninth part. First comes Bede, next Bacon ‘the marvellous friar,’ Wicliffe, Chaucer; then,—

‘Bearing the palm of martyrdom, Cranmer was there in meekness,—
Holy name, to be ever rever’d! And Cecil, whose wisdom
‘Stablish’d church and state—Eliza’s pillar of council’
And Shakespeare, who, in our hearts, for himself hath erected an empire
Not to be shaken by time—nor e’er by another divided.’

Spenser, Mr. Southey’s ‘master dear,’—Milton, ‘no longer here to kings and to hierarchs hostile,’—Taylor [Jeremy], Marlborough, Newton, and Berkeley, fill up the list of the *elder worthies*, and lead us to the tenth division, which includes *The Worthies of the Georgian Age*, ‘who came forth to welcome their sovereign. Many were they and glorious all.’ Mr. Mathews, in his present novelty, has a song entitled, ‘High and Humble, what a Jumble.’ Mr. Mathews’s humble jumble is nothing to that of the poet laureate, who classes his subjects admirably. Here we have, in regular order, Wolfe and Captain Cook, Handel and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth and Wesley, (the founder of Methodism,) Mansfield and Burke, Warren Hastings and the poet Cowper; and Nelson, too, was in this ‘kingdom of peace,’ although—

‘His calling,
While upon earth he dwelt, was to war and the work of destruction.’

The poet’s heaven not being yet peopled, he brings in his *Young spirits*, who comprise the eleventh division of his vision. These young spirits consist of—

‘The gallant youths of high heroic aspiring,
Who, so fate had allow’d, with the martial renown of their country
Would have wedded their names.’

They are the—

‘Followers of Nelson’s path, and the glorious career of the Wellesley.

Many are they, whose bones beneath the billows have whiten’d,

Or, in a foreign earth they have moulder’d, hastily cover’d

In some wide and general grave’

‘Here also were spirits

To have guided, like Cecil of old, the councils of England;

Or have silenc’d and charm’d a tumultuous senate, like Canning,

When to the height of his theme, the consummate orator rising,

Makes our Cataline pale, and rejoices the friends of their country.

Others came in that goodly band, whom bennigner fortune

Led into pleasant ways on earth: the children of science

Some, whose unerring pursuit would, but for death, have extended

O’er the unknown and material, man’s intellectual empire,

Such their intuitive power; like Davy, disarming destruction

When it moves on the vapour; or him, who discovering the secret

Of the dark and ebullient abyss, with the fire of Vesuvius

Amid the chemist’s hand: well then might Eleusinian Ceres

Yield to him, from whom the seas and the mountains conceal’d not

Nature’s mystery, hid in their depths.

‘Here lost in their promise

And prime, were the children of art, who should else have deliver’d

Works and undying names to grateful posterity’s keeping,

Such as Haydon will leave on earth; and he who, returning

Rich in praise to his native shores, hath left a remembrance

Long to be honour’d and loved on the banks of Thames and of Tiber:

So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,

Give to that hand free scope, and boast hereafter of Allston.’

We wish our poet had told us the names of these lost Cannings, Davys, and Haydons; but, after the compliment he pays to these living geniuses, we shall think them the most ungrateful of men if they forget the bard. Mr. Canning must procure Mr. Southey a better sinecure than that of Poet Laureat; Sir Humphrey Davy must make him a F. R. S. which, perhaps, he will deem a greater honour than that of being ‘Member of the Royal Spanish Academy,’ or of ‘the Royal Institute of the Netherlands.’ Mr. Haydon must paint an historical picture from this poem, of, at least, the same dimensions, that is fifteen feet long. Should these gentlemen, however, be so ungrateful as to neglect the poet, they will have no place in his heaven, but—

‘Otherwise else be sure their doom will then be appointed.’

We now come to the twelfth, and, thank God, the last part of this vision; and never did unwilling school boy reach the end of a severe task with greater pleasure than we approach the concluding part of this wretched mass of absurdity, y’clept a *vision of judgment*. It is but justice, however, to say, that this is by far the best, we had almost said the only unexceptionable part, of the whole poem: and, therefore, wishing to deal fairly with the author, we quote it. It is intitled ‘*The Meeting*.’—

‘Lift up your heads, ye Gates; and ye everlasting Portals,

Be ye lift up! Behold the splendid train of the worthies

Halt; and with quicker pace a happy company issues

Forth from the gate of bliss; the parents, the children, and consort,

Come to welcome in heaven the son, the father, and husband!

Hour of perfect joy that o’erpays all earthly affliction;

Yea, and the thought whereof supporteth the soul in anguish!

There came England’s blossom of hope;—the beautiful princess;

She in whose wedded bliss all hearts rejoiced, and whose death bell,

Heard from tower to tower thro’ the islands, carried a sorrow

Felt by all like a private grief, which, sleeping or waking,

Will not be shaken away; but possesses the soul that disturbs it.

There was our late lost queen, the nation’s example of virtue;

In whose presence vice was not seen, nor the face of dishonour;

Pure in heart, and spotless in life, and secret in bounty,

Queen and mother, and wife unreprieved.—The gentle Amelia

Stretch’d her arms to her father there, in tenderness shedding

Tears, such as angels weep. The hand was toward him extended

Whose last pressure he could not bear, when merciful Nature,

As o’er her dying bed he bent in severest anguish,

Laid on his senses a weight, and suspended the sorrow for ever.

He hath recover’d her now: all that was lost is restored him;

Hour of perfect bliss that o’erpays all earthly affliction!

They are met where change is not known, nor sorrow nor parting.

Death is subdued, and the grave, which conquers all, hath been conquer’d.’

The poet now awakes from his—what shall we call it—trance or madness, and instead of—

‘The rapturous sound of hosannahs,
Heard the bell from the tower toll! toll! thro’ the silence of evening.’

This concludes the *Vision of Judgment*, but the poet, having written it in a measure of fifteen feet long, determines it shall be fifteen shillings in price,

and, to make the bargain the better, adds notes, consisting principally of an extract from St. Pierre's Harmonies of Nature, with an English translation; and some specimens of Sir Philip Sidney's Hexameters, to prove that he, Mr. Southey, was not the first to write a foolish poem in such a measure.

Mr. Wordsworth's Peter Bell and Benjamin the Waggoner, were nothing to Mr. Southey's absurdities in his Vision of Judgment; and if neither his pipe of canary as laureat, nor Sir Humphrey Davy's nitrous acid gas will inspire his muse more happily, we beseech him to abandon her entirely, and never again hazard that reputation for poetical talents which he had once so justly acquired.

The Rebellion of Absalom; a Discourse, preached at Kircudbright, on the 30th of July last, before the Stewartry Gentlemen Yeomanry Cavalry. With a Preface, Explanatory of the Extraordinary Circumstances under which the Author was Arrested FOR PRAYING for the Queen. By the Rev. William Gillespie, Minister of Kells. 8vo. pp. 37.

THE sermon before us has attracted our notice, less from the political circumstance, extraordinary as it is, which has led to its publication, than from the pleasing impression with which the name of Mr. Gillespie stands associated in our recollection, as the author of a volume of poems, which appeared some years ago, entitled 'CONSOLATION,' &c. We have often wondered that a volume of such merit could by any chance have slumbered in that obscurity which we suspect to have been its fate; but have as often ceased to wonder when we reflected on the length and difficulty of the way which lies between writing a poem deserving of admiration, and ushering it into the presence of the public with that degree of ceremony and bustle and noise, which are all so necessary to ensuring to it a candid examination into its merits. What can a country pastor, who woos the muses amidst the wilds of Galloway, who prints his productions on his own account, and who consigns them like 'a pund o' woo', to be made the most of, to some house in the Row called Paternoster, hope in the way of justice being done to his publication? Let our friends in the Row tell. If we recollect rightly, 'Anster Fair,' a poem now deservedly of great reputation, had been in print upwards

of three years before any notice was taken of it, solely because, in these discerning times, it happened to be printed at a village press, on coarse paper, and on the author's own account? It is no part of the plan of the *Literary Chronicle* to diverge into retrospective criticism; but having alluded to the volume of poems, by the author of the production immediately before us, and to the unmerited neglect they have experienced, we should be guilty of a misprision of injustice were we to omit the opportunity of recommending them to the notice of all lovers of poetry as abounding in many of the features of genuine poetic excellence.

The strange circumstances under which the Discourse before us was sent to the press, may serve the double purpose of accounting for its appearance and exempting it from nicety of criticism. The author appears, at present, as a clergyman placed under military arrest, for no other reason on earth than that he had the honesty, the charity, and, we will add, the loyalty to pray for the Queen! He has printed the Sermon, which preceded this prayer, *precisely as he delivered it*, in order to shew that, altho' he conceived it to be his laudable duty as a Christian Pastor to offer up his prayers to Heaven for that much persecuted individual, Her Majesty, he entertains none of those dangerous opinions or projects which have been so calumniously imputed to all who have dared to lend a helping hand or offer an encouraging word to Her Majesty in her hour of severe trial; but that, on the contrary, his aim in this, as in all his addresses to the corps to which he is chaplain, has been 'to enliven the flame of patriotism as well as devotion, and to advocate the great cause of religion, morality, and social order.'

Mr. Gillespie thus relates the circumstances of his arrest, and we see no reason to quarrel with the compliment which he pays to the 'Stewartry of Kircudbright', in supposing that they 'will scarcely be believed' any where else:—

'Early in the month of July last, he received a letter from James Gordon, Esq. younger of Culvennan, his colonel-commandant, (the hero of the tale) requesting him, as usual, to attend the corps while in quarters, and preach before them on Sunday, the 30th of that month. But, it was added, that, as he was informed there was either a public or private agreement on the part of the ministers of the Presbytery of Kircudbright, to pray on all public occasions for her Majesty,

&c. he wished to know from the author, whether he should deem it incumbent on him to adhere to this practice, when preaching before the regiment on the 30th. This information Colonel Gordon stated to be absolutely necessary, in consequence of the oath of allegiance which every yeoman must take, and which he himself had taken in his judicial capacity, on the accession of his present majesty.

'It was answered on the part of the author, that no such agreement had ever been thought of by his brethren—that it did not appear, he believed, to the majority of the Presbytery of Kircudbright, of much importance whether her majesty was prayed for *nominatim*, or generally with the royal family, in which she was necessarily included, and that, with regard to himself, he would certainly act, on all public and private occasions, according to the best of his apprehension of the law of the church and the land.

'In obedience to this intimation, the author went to Kircudbright on the 28th ultimo, where he delivered before the corps, on the following Sunday, the discourse here given to the public; and, in his concluding prayer for the royal family, introduced the words, "*Bless likewise the Queen.*"'

No sooner was this bold yet honest act, made known to Mr. Commandant Gordon, who was not himself at church, than he was pleased to put the reverend preacher under military arrest; and so immediate and urgent did the necessity of the proceeding appear to this champion of all Tory godliness, that the arrest took place on the evening of that hallowed day, when the even hand of the law is suspended in favour of all but felons.

On the legality of this extraordinary step, Mr. Gillespie makes the following spirited remarks:—

'By accepting the appointment of chaplain of the cavalry, the author surrendered none of his rights and privileges as a minister of the church of Scotland. He never undertook to pray according to the word of command, nor to submit the terms in which he was to address the Almighty, to military censorship. In the duties he was to perform as chaplain, he was to be guided solely by the doctrines, laws, and usages of that church of which he was a member, and to which, by his ordination vows, he had solemnly bound himself to adhere. But that church, which has no liturgy, disclaims all civil interference with its forms of worship. The independence of the Presbyterian establishment in Scotland, is secured by a fundamental and essential article of the treaty of union, and which every sovereign for a century past, down to his present Majesty inclusively, has sworn inviolably to maintain and preserve. What has been attempted, therefore, by subordinate authority in this case, implies a power which

cannot be claimed even by Majesty itself. Of such interference the church of Scotland wisely entertains a salutary jealousy, and on this subject its eventful history is pregnant with instruction. And whilst the author trusts he will always act as becomes a dutiful and loyal subject, so he will continue to resist every infringement on the rights of his order—every attempt to violate that sacred charter of his church's freedom, which was obtained through so many persecutions, and purchased with so much blood.

The author appears, however, to admit, that though the Scottish church *disclaims* all interference with its forms of worship, the King and council have not abstained from passing orders which had that tendency. He says, in a note to the passage we have just quoted:—

'A mere order in council, as to praying for the royal family, has *never literally* been observed by the Scottish clergy: if they have paid any attention to the substance of the order, they have never used the express words. Even the most loyal have prayed in language of their own choosing. It is the general assembly alone which has any right to prescribe to the ministers of our establishment in what express terms they are to pray.'

After all, from any information we have on the subject, we are much inclined to be of opinion, that the claim of the Church of Scotland to an utter independence of the civil power, is a thing rather passed over in silence than solemnly acknowledged. Why does the King, by his representative the Lord High Commissioner, preside at all the general assemblies of the Scottish Church? What has the King to do there if it is not as head of the Church? Can or dare the assembly meet without the royal presence and sanction? Nay, is it not a fact, that at each meeting of assembly, the Lord High Commissioner first opens and constitutes it in the name of the King (acting, of course, on the assumption that he is the head of the church), and that the moderator (or president) then proceeds as if he knew nothing at all of what his grace had been doing, and, without in the least adverting to the circumstance, opens and constitutes the assembly in the name of Christ (as the real head of the church)? Is it not equally true that the commissioner sits on the throne in the midst of them during every hour and minute of their deliberations; and that, at breaking up, the same double sort of ceremony is gone through as at the opening of the assembly? What do we see in all this but a mere adjustment of pretensions

for peace sake; each party taking their own road to the same end, and saying nothing of the debateable ground between them? There may be worldly wisdom in this sort of management, but as long as it exists, the less that is said about "sacred charters of freedom" the better.

The sermon having, as we have before mentioned, been printed precisely as it was delivered, and written with no view, we presume, to publication, it would be unfair to subject it to any thing like a critical analysis. We shall content ourselves with making one brief extract, which will shew how little pretence there was for the absurd measure of his arrest, on the ground of any deficiency in sound and patriotic principles, and at the same time serve as no unfavourable specimen of the author's style:—

'To stand forth in defence of a constitution so noble and excellent, is at once honourable and praise-worthy,—and is, I am persuaded, on your part, the impulse of affection as well as the dictate of duty. I trust that you consider it a sacred deposit intrusted to your care, to be preserved inviolate, which your fathers have transmitted unimpaired to you, and which you, also, will transmit unimpaired to your children. I trust, that no misrepresentations of the factious, no clamour of the multitude, no personal inconvenience or privation, will prompt you to remit your discipline or abate your ardour in so glorious and so patriotic a cause. I trust, that *no unhappy family questions at home* will ever be made a rallying point to the disaffected, will ever shake your fidelity or diminish your affection to your common country, whose independence your fathers have achieved by their arms, and purchased with their lives; which is hallowed by the ashes of the martyr, and consecrated by the blood of the brave.'

Poems. By P. M. James. 12mo. pp. 224. London, 1821.

AFTER undergoing the penance of reading Mr. Southey's hexametrical absurdities, under the torturings of impatience and disappointment, which ultimately gave way to the hopelessness of despair and to disgust, we turn with peculiar pleasure to this little volume, which restores us to our love of poetry and of poets. Mr. James, if we may judge from the motto he has adopted, is a young poet, but from his productions we should think him a matured one; and we have seldom been more gratified than we have in the perusal of the sixty-one short pieces of which the volume consists. These are songs, sonnets, elegiac stanzas, &c. &c.

One great characteristic of Mr. James's poetry is its simplicity and the harmony of the versification; many of the poems breathe the most amiable disposition and the most genuine philanthropy, and we should not be much surprised to learn that the author is a member of the Society of Friends. Be this as it may, the work before us does him much credit, not only as a poet, but as an able advocate of the best feelings which dignify human nature. A few extracts will justify our commendation:—

'THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful far to mine eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion;
From the dim distant isle, till the beacon-fire
Blaz'd,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.
No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breath'd numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest—
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I gazed from the hill's gentle slope,
(All hush'd was the billow's commotion,)
And thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean!
The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul
Flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

There is much beauty and pathos in the following:—

'CANZONET.

When time shall heal my wounded peace,
And bid the heart's repinings cease;
When the rude storm of memory's sway
Shall die in calm despair away,
Think not I'll then forget thee!
With wasting sighs that ever swell,
Thou hear'st me bid thy love farewell;
Thy smiles of fondness I resign,
The will is heaven's, the woe is mine,
For I can ne'er forget thee!
When youths, aroused by joy's control,
Shall call to love my drooping soul;
And many a smiling form appear,
They'll wonder at my starting tear,
For then I'll not forget thee!
The curious breast shall never know
The griefs that nurse my silent woe;
The treach'rous sigh shalt ne'er reveal
The name love teaches to conceal,
Yet I shall not forget thee!
I wish not that thy throbbing breast,
Like mine should mourn its banish'd rest!
No nightly tear thine eye should dim,
Yet thou may'st sometimes think on him,
Who never can forget thee!

Mr. James's tribute to the sex is at once forcible and elegant:—

‘WOMAN’S LOVE.

Tho’ bards have sung that woman’s love
(Their bosoms nature’s lesson’s scorning,)
Is sweeter than the western gale,
But fleeting as the dews of morning:
Yet all that tread this toilsome sphere,
Hath fond affection taught to prove,
In fortune’s smile or sorrow’s tear,
No love so true as woman’s love!

Whilst man his brother’s peace betrays,
And shuns the sinking child of pain;
Fond minion of the blissful hour,
That flies when want and misery reign:
The amaranth flower that blossoms ever,
The seal of joy no art can move;
The tie that interest can’t dis sever,
Grief’s soothing balm is woman’s love!

And when the fault’ring tongue complains,
And faintly breathes pain’s sickly moan;
What care can soothe the trying scene,
Like woman’s care and tender tone!
The love that soothes the dying hour,
The charm all earthly joy above,
That makes the grave a bed of rest,
And smooths the path—is woman’s love!

The poor enslaved African has a feeling and an eloquent advocate in our author, as will appear from the

‘VERSES

Written upon reading the following, which is part of a “Proclamation to the Negro Population of Barbadoes, 1816.”

“The most wise and just men, the most humane and zealous advocates of the abolition of the slave trade, who possess practical knowledge, and the most sincere friends of those who are actually in slavery, have considered their emancipation to be morally impracticable.”

‘Then how blest is the death of the slave! he hath rest

From the wrongs of his merciless doom;
The scorn of his tyrant, the griefs of his breast,
Are hush’d in the calm of the tomb.

His spirit hath fled to the land of his dreams,
Where the waves of forgetfulness flow;
Where the day-star of life and of liberty beams
On the desolate offspring of woe!

Mourn—mourn for the living! O not for the dead,

Who have rest from their wrongs in the grave;
But woe for the living! destruction hath shed
Her curse on the lot of the slave.

The tree struck by lightning ne’er blossoms again—

Its branches wave dead in the wind;
And the blight of the soul, like a murderous stain,
Destroys the pure blossoms of mind!

O tell not of liberty’s joys to the slave,
Still destined his fetters to wear!

‘Tis to bring the parch’d lip to the brink of the wave,

To deepen the pang of despair!
When burns the pale meteor of tyranny dim,
And the shouts of the ransom’d resound;

The pæans of liberty swell not for him,
The gloom of his soul is profound.

O ne’er to the slave the glad tidings unrol,
That a Saviour hath brought from the skies!

For who that’s a Christian, but feels in his soul,
The day-spring of liberty rise!

Preach not to the slave! ‘tis to mock his desire,
To mingle deep scorn with his groan—
O break but his chain, and the slave shall aspire

To a destiny proud as thy own!”

We shall only insert two more poems, which need not our praise; they will sufficiently bespeak their own merits:—

‘SONG.

‘Tis not the beams of flaunting day,
That win the lover’s fond adoring;
‘Tis not the morning’s cheerful ray,
Pale nature to her charms restoring;
No, ‘tis the silver star of even,
Whose radiance lights the lover’s heaven!

Dear are the tones of harmony,
From lips of rosy sweetness falling;
And dearer is affection’s sigh,
The bosom to its bliss recalling.
Yet silent looks, with sure control,
Plead deeply to the lover’s soul!

Fond lover! turn thy gaze away
From woman’s brow with beauty beaming;
Tempt not the breaks of orient day,
From eyes with dewy lustre gleaming.
But tell how dear her gentle love should be,
Whose cheek is sadden’d with a tear for thee!”

‘TO LIBERTY.

‘Spirit unquenchable! whose awful fire
Hath ever blazed amid the struggling storm,
And rush’d athwart the night with meteor form,

When tyrants bade thy living beam expire!
For thee the breast hath ever glow’d,
For thee the lyre’s high measures flow’d,
And patriot arms sublimely rear’d!
Glory’s divinest deeds have dared.
Whilst now the crescent moon fades pale,
And loud the ocean surges roar,
What breath so pure as morning’s gale,
What fane so meet as BRITAIN’S shore,
To wake the poet’s numbers wild and free,
And pour the holy song to LIBERTY!

Hush’d be the lute’s dull measures! nor entwine

The rosy garland! breathe no melting lay,
Winning the free-born bosom to resign
The generous fire that spurns despotic sway!
Pleasure! thy wanton spells forego,
For thou art freedom’s deadliest foe;
And he who yields him pleasure’s slave,
Can ne’er be free, can ne’er be brave.
Ye winds of heaven! as wild ye sweep,
Where rustling banners proudly float,
Bear ye the murmurs loud and deep,
Pour’d from the clarion’s brazen throat.
For, Freedom! where thy glories glide,
Where thou in loftiest power has past,
Thine eye was on the banner’s pride,
Thy spirit with the trumpet’s blast.
Or where, with brow unbound,

Thou gavest thy bright hair to the gales of peace,

And badest the battle and the triumph cease;
There Virtue breathed her awe around,
And honour’s sun, with steady ray,
Roll’d thro’ the azure arch, and poured a purer day.

Call from the sullen harp a bolder strain!
For lo! their deeds ennobled scenes reveal;
And wav’d upon the heaven’s pellucid plain,
In awful radiance gleams the patriot steel!
And hail the vision-crowded air,
The pomp that fires the eastern sky!

The golden wings of morning bear
Th’ immortal form of Liberty!
Like storm-clouds stream her helmet plumes,

Her form it’s warrior port assumes;
Bold, proud, and terrible, as when of yore,
She steep’d her steel in Persian gore!

O Liberty! thy love prevails
Albion’s wild shores and rocks among;
Swells in her mountain gales,
Lives in her poet’s song.
Defiance-breathing strains are thine,
The joy that hails the festal hour;
And oh! how bright thy lightning’s shine,
Launched on the front of lawless power!
No anger fires the eye of death,
When stern he drinks the freeman’s breath;
No lambent terrors round him wave,
To daunt the spirit of the patriot brave;
For in the struggles of the free,
The meed of death is victory!”

If real merit, accompanied by great modesty, entitle a poet to a niche in the Temple of Fame, then must Mr. James obtain it; and we only anticipate public opinion when we pronounce him to possess talents of an order which cannot suffer him to remain in obscurity, or to rest satisfied even with the praise which this volume is likely to ensure him.

Foreign Literature.

Dictionnaire des Conjugaisons Françaises, &c.

Dictionary of French Conjugations, preceded by an Elementary Grammar. By J. B. M. A. Lelouvier, Professor of Belles Lettres. 1 vol. 12mo. Paris, 1821.

GREAT are the benefits resulting from the union of talent and industry, which must always be combined to render any performance truly excellent; and whoever aspires to be useful, merits higher praise than he who strives to shine and amuse. M. Lelouvier’s merit is not, then, to be contemned; his task in wading through the whole of the French verbs, and giving the conjugation of them all, must have been a very laborious one, for which every student owes him a debt of gratitude. It is scarcely possible for a foreigner to retain the whole list of the French verbs in his memory, with their various conjugations and irregularities, and whether they are active, passive, neuter, reflective, or impersonal. M. Lelouvier’s work is, therefore, indispensable to every foreigner studying the language, and who would wish to speak or write it correctly.

The author very justly observed, ‘no ancient or modern language has ever been the production of either science, observation, or any systematic

plan whatever. Chance, time, and successive wants have alone presided over their formation; rules were afterwards made as well as they could be, founded merely on what custom had established; hence the numerous irregularities and the continual exceptions which fatigue the imagination and disgust beginners.'

Such a work, executed as M. Le-louvier's is, would be highly desirable in every French school in England, particularly if the English editor would be at the pains to give, immediately after the French verb, its various significations in English, as the author has done in French, this done, its utility would be greatly increased and it would not fail to find its place in every school and every library.

Original Communications.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

CONTRASTED REMARKS,

Hastily thrown together by an Englishman in Paris.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

NEVER, perhaps, were two people, whom nature has placed at so small a distance from each other, distinguished by such remarkable contrasts as the English and the French; they seem to be mutually determined to preserve the characteristic features of their respective nations; in my remarks on the peculiarities of each, I pretend to no order; and though extracted from my *common-place book*, the following observations may not, altogether, deserve the title of *lieux-communes*.

A Frenchman cannot visit a child at nurse, or a parent at the point of death, if the one or the other reside at a distance of twenty miles from Paris, without a passport from the police-office; a Parisian cannot take his morning drive in his carriage out of Paris, without having his gig, curricule, or coach, examined at the *Barrière*, to ascertain if he is engaged in smuggling a miserable loaf of bread; or should he be an inhabitant of the environs of the city, he cannot take a drive into it, without undergoing a similar visit, lest he should have popt a few bottles of wine or brandy, or a joint of meat, into the sword-case, with the view of evading *les impôts de la ville*. Our English fashionables would not much admire the intrusion of an exciseman into their equipages, at Hyde Park corner or at Shoreditch Turnpike, on a similar mission.

The French subaltern officers wear their epaulette on the *left* shoulder—our lieutenants and ensigns on the *right*; and it is not unusual to see them enter a *café* with several of their men, drink, and even hob and nob with them, in a glass of brandy, and appear on a perfect system of equality. Such familiarity has no place in the English army; I would not certainly advocate its adoption, but the truth seems to me to be, that the French private soldier is too highly regarded—ours, not sufficiently so.

In France, the ladies of all ranks scruple not to dine at a public tavern; our English ladies would be ashamed to seat themselves in a coffee-room.

In France, the Sunday is devoted to merriment, debauchery, and noise; all the theatres are open—all the theatres are full; the public houses swarm with the lower and middle classes of society, who dance away their care and make the only substantial meal which, in all probability, many of them partake of in the entire week; reviews, exhibitions, and puppet-shows, &c. occupy the morning of the Sabbath,—the evening is devoted to *fêtes champêtres*, gambling parties, and fire-works; in England—but I need not point out the contrast in this instance!

In France, the first prince of the blood, the Duke of Orleans, lets out his palace piece-meal, to impures, gamblers, and shop-keepers of every description,—he derives a large fortune therefrom, but I do not think it should be termed a *princely* one; this circumstance presents a double contrast, which it may be as prudent to leave to the reader's sagacity to discover.

In France, on any solemn religious occasion, the congregation are secured from all interruption during divine service, by double lines of gend'armes and of the national guards, who, with fixed bayonets and covered heads, instil into the minds of the faithful, the respect due to the God of mercy and of peace! In England, thank heaven, we need not such an escort, even to the very steps of the altar.

In France, a Frenchman will run all over Paris with you, shew you all the curiosities, procure you tickets for the play, public gardens, &c.; in England, we should first of all ask a stranger to dinner.

I have seen a man of rank, and a member of the French Institute, on being asked to carve a turkey, which was placed opposite to him at the

table of an English baronet, take out a clasp-knife from his pocket,—tear the poor bird to pieces,—then pick his teeth with the same article of cutlery; and afterwards employ the identical knife to distribute the contents of a plate of preserves! Even at the first restaurateurs in Paris, you are expected to eat flesh, fish, and fowl with the same knife and fork; happy, even, if you procure a change of plates. An Englishman will desire that these habits may ever remain a contrast to those of his native land.

In France, servility is pushed to such a pitch, that the most sublime productions of the dramatic poets are beheld in silent sadness, should the King of France honour the theatre with his presence; it is contrary to etiquette to applaud before his Majesty; I do not think that the presence of all the kings of the whole earth, could stifle John Bull's enthusiasm at a representation of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Shakespeare, or repress his honest and hearty laugh at the comedies of Colman, or the farces of Garrick and of Foote.

The French eat their meat apart,—their vegetables by themselves,—then the fish, and afterwards *le rôti*; the desert is put on previous to the cloth being drawn, and a glass of brandy finishes the dinner of these people, who think themselves the politest, most civilized, and most liberal in the world.

The windows of every baker's shop, and of every marchand de vin, (public-house,) have the aspect of a prison; they are all secured by large iron bars; I do not think that our labourers and mechanics would admire such a means of security;—they would fancy themselves in so many spunging houses.

I breakfasted, on my arrival in Paris, at the *Café de Foy*, in the Palais Royal; one of the best and most respectable in the capital. A French gentleman, decorated with half-a-dozen orders, the ribands of which, on his half-worn-out blue coat, represented a greater quantity of colours than the rainbow, placed himself opposite to me and at the same table; I demanded a *thé complet*, (a pot of tea, several lumps of sugar, a French roll, and a pat of butter;) the Frenchman called for a cup of coffee;—I remarked that my neighbour had been served with a less quantity of sugar than myself, although we had both much more than was required. Being pressed for time, I had finished my meal long before the other party, and was drawing on my gloves, when he very politely asked me, pointing to the five

or six morsels of sugar which still remained on my plateau, if I did not take the sugar? Certainly not, was my reply; on which the chevalier, grand cross of the Legion of St. Louis, Legion of Honour, legion of I know not what, drawled out, '*avec permission donc, monsieur,*' and immediately wrapt up, in a piece of white paper, the remains of my breakfast as well as of his own. I confess that I was thunder-struck for the moment, but I have subsequently found that it is an invariable custom; and, as such, expected by the proprietor of the establishment. I should certainly advise French travellers, however, to keep their fingers out of our sugar-basins on the Dover Road; for I know more than one rude host, who would be uncouth enough to make them disgorge their purloined sweets.

ON THE STATE OF EUROPE.

[A Correspondent calls our attention to the prophetic sentiments of Dr. Goldsmith and Dr. Smollett, as to the affairs of Europe. Much that these admirable writers and profound politicians anticipated, has already been realized, and the passing events at the present moment seem likely to complete their unaccomplished predictions.—Ed.]

It is (says Dr. Goldsmith) in the politic as in the human constitution, if the limbs grow too large for the body, their size, instead of improving, will diminish the vigour of the whole. The colonies should always bear an exact proportion to the mother-country; when they grow populous, they grow powerful; and by becoming powerful, they become independent also. Thus subordination is destroyed, and a country swallowed up in the extent of its own dominions. The Turkish empire would be more formidable were it less extensive; were it not for those countries which it can neither command, nor give entirely away; which it is obliged to protect, but from which it has no power to exact obedience.

Sweden, though not seemingly a strenuous assertor of its liberties, is, probably, only hastening on to despotism. Their senators, while they pretend to vindicate the freedom of the people, are only establishing their own independence. The deluded people will, however, at last perceive the miseries of an aristocratical government; they will perceive that the administration of a society of men, is ever more painful than that of one only. *They will fly from the most oppressive of all*

forms, where one single member is capable of controlling the whole, to take refuge under the throne. No people long endure an aristocratical government, when they can apply elsewhere for redress. The lower orders of people may be enslaved for a time by a number of tyrants, but upon the first opportunity, they will ever take refuge in despotism or democracy.

As the Swedes are making concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider those parliaments (the members of which are all created by the court, the presidents of which can act only by immediate direction) presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till of late, received direction from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying, *that the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise.* If they have but *three weak monarchs more* successively on the throne, *the mask will be laid aside, AND THE COUNTRY WILL CERTAINLY ONCE MORE BE FREE.*

The German empire, that remnant of the majesty of ancient Rome, *appears on the eve of dissolution.* The members of its vast body want every tie of government to unite them, and seem feebly held together, only by their respect for an ancient institution. The very name of country and countrymen, which, in other nations, makes one of the strongest bonds of government, has been here for some time laid aside: each of its inhabitants seeming more proud of being called from the petty state which gives them birth, than by the more well known title of German.

This government may be regarded in the light of a severe master and a feeble opponent. The states which are now subject to the laws of the empire, are only watching a proper occasion to fling off the yoke; and those which are become too powerful to be compelled to obedience, now begin to think of dictating in their turn. The struggles in this state are, therefore, not in order to preserve, but to destroy the ancient constitution; if one succeeds, the government becomes despotic; if the other, several states will subsist without even nominal subordination; but, in either case, the Germanic constitution *will be no more.*

When I compare the figure which the Dutch make in Europe, with that they assume in Asia, I am struck with surprise. In Asia, I find them the

great lords of all the Indian seas; in Europe, the timid inhabitants of a paltry state. No longer the sons of FREEDOM, but of AVARICE; no longer assertors of their rights by courage, but by negotiations; fawning on those who insult them, and crouching under the rod of every neighbouring power, without a friend to save them in distress, and without virtue to save themselves; their government is poor, and their private wealth will serve but to invite SOME NEIGHBOURING INVADER.—*Citizen of the World*, vol. i, letter 56, p. 292.

The following are the sentiments of Dr. Smollett on the same subject: extracted from a letter, sent a few months before his death, to the Rev. Dr. —, of —, Northumberland.

As the sentiments of dying men, particularly dying authors, have been sometimes looked upon as prophetic, you will be inclined, perhaps, to pay the greater regard to the following political speculations; and, in all human probability, they are the last, of any kind, which you will ever receive from me; for I feel the chill hand of death gradually stealing on me as those calamities are stealing upon our European states, which I foresee, but shall never live to experience. But I am perfectly resigned, and nearly wearied to death, with a life, that both in its private and public condition, is the sordid slave of interest, prejudice, and folly. The first troubles that are likely to ensue, will proceed, I think, from that overgrown and useless system of colonization, with which several nations (particularly our own) have burthened themselves. But, although the inhabitants of that immense and unwieldy empire of Spain, in South America, are sufficiently disaffected and disposed to revolt, they are so fast bound by the chains of despotism, superstition, and indolence, that it is not probable they will take the lead, or attempt any thing for their emancipation from the cruel yoke under which they groan, until either by the especial favour of Heaven they shall become enlightened, or shall be acted upon by some considerable external force; in which case, the empire of Spain, in those parts, would pass away like a shadow. Of all the kingdoms of Europe, I think our own stands in the greatest danger respecting her colonies, and in the least with regard to her affairs at home. At home you have a few radically discontented men, with a vast and undoubted majority, who are

inviolably attached to the present establishment. In our American colonies, we may almost say, they are all republicans to a man; that nothing but the tie of interest, and the want of power to stand alone, has hitherto preserved them in their allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, which (you may rely upon it) *they will embrace the first fair opportunity to shake it off*. Nor would such an event, in my ideas, be at all disadvantageous to the parent state, or to the colonies themselves, provided it were possible it could happen without loss and bloodshed; which, I fear, the present stock of wisdom and moderation, on either side, can afford us no certain assurance of. To turn our eyes towards our West India islands, I think the prospect looks still more gloomy and alarming. It has ever excited my astonishment, that nobody, either in England or those islands, should entertain the least dread or forecast of the dangerous consequences of introducing such an immense multitude of African slaves into them, or the smallest compunction for the enormous wickedness of the act, exaggerated as it is a thousand degrees, by being perpetrated by men whose nation sets so high a value upon their own liberty, and who pretend to such an aversion from deeds of cruelty. If we have no apprehensions of the vengeance of divine justice, for the countless and horrid barbarities which are constantly exercised on the miserable slaves of those colonies, still common sense ought to teach us, there is a point beyond which human affairs cannot go. That it is not possible that such numbers, who possess every day they live the power of their own freedom, will suffer such extremities for ever. That *the blow must come at some period or other*, which may be this year as well as the next; and that when it does come, it brings with it desolation impossible to be withstood, and death in every shape. That a revolt of the slaves must happen before many years, I will venture to predict; and, if it should happen on one island, to whatever European nation it belongs, *the West India isles will never afterwards be in a state of safety*. To return to our own continent, *France appears to me to be the first probable theatre of any material change*. The present fashion of handling abstract questions of religion and government, so eagerly adopted of late by a great number of people of consideration in that country, is, no doubt, the high road to truth

and justice; but, unfortunately for mankind, it must necessarily run through the confines of bloodshed and desolation. Amongst all the best informed people of that country, with whom I have had the opportunity of conversing, there seems to exist an enthusiastic passion for the discovery of moral truth, and a most ardent zeal for its propagation. And in this laudable frame of mind, seems particularly included a commiseration for the sufferings of the lower classes of mankind; and a desire to relieve them from the shackles in which they have been so long bound by religious and political frauds. If we consider the weakness, profligacy, and abandoned debauchery of the French court; which they, whose situations intitle them to be the best judges, represent as a second *Sodom*; the poverty, misery, and discontent of the lower classes; and the violent desire of change glowing and burning in the breasts of those who are the most able, and, indeed, the only people in whose power it is to bring that change about; we need not hesitate to assert, that some great revolution must ensue, in the course of a few years, in the government, religion, and manners of the people of that country. Indeed, from the best general view which I am able to form of the internal political state of the kingdom of France, I cannot bring myself to believe, that the present despotic system can, at any rate, continue more than *twenty years longer*. If religion has invented and nourished those frauds, upon whom the despotism of France was founded; and the belief of that religion is now almost obliterated from amongst all ranks, what is in future to support such a government, even when the general interest seems loudly to demand its demolition? That the change, come when it will, *must be thorough, violent, and bloody*, we may fairly prognosticate, both from the known character of those who are likely to have the chief hand in the reformation, and from that of the common people of France, whom their whole history proves to be the most sanguinary, unprincipled, and barbarous of any populace in Europe. Were it possible for me to live to witness it, I should by no means wonder to see the principles of republicanism predominant *for a while* in France, for it is the property of extremes to meet; and our abstract rights naturally lead to that form of government, and it is not the season to

moderate abstraction, during the fury and concussion of political earthquakes.

Whenever a revolution upon such grounds as these shall happen in France, the flame of war will be universally lighted up throughout Europe; either from the inhabitants of other countries instantaneously catching the contagion, or from the apprehensions of their respective governments. But whenever the great mass of mankind shall become enlightened, it will be as vain as perilous for governments to attempt to combat principles, which can only be effected with success during the reign of ignorance and superstition. I see it, in the clearest light, that the people of France, Germany, and Italy, (but more especially the *latter*) are about to become weary of the impositions of religion, and the galling fetters of slavery. And I behold a new order of people about to arise in Europe, which shall give laws to law-givers, discharges to priests, and lessons to kings.

W. O. P.

Original Criticisms

ON

*The Principal Performers of the Theatres
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.*

No. XV.—MR. WALLACK.

‘That unmatched form and feature of blown youth.’ SHAKESPEARE.

HOWEVER extraordinary it may appear, that a nation still in its infancy, at least with regard to intellectual acquirements, and whose progress towards civilization has barely attained the first stages of refinement, should be enabled to improve or amend any class of men, particularly the votaries of Thespis, still it cannot be denied that the western world has had a very beneficial influence on Mr. Wallack. It would be ridiculous to deny that this gentleman has returned to the metropolis a much better actor than when he left us some two years since; if his performances do not intitle him to a place with our first tragedians, they undoubtedly rank him in the first class; if they are not quite chef d’œuvres, they certainly bear the stamp of great though immatured genius. We think Mr. Wallack has acted foolishly in starting forwards in the very first rate tragic characters; he should have studied closely, and without remission, and have waited till time had fully developed those talents which he undoubtedly possesses in an eminent degree. In the higher walks

of tragedy he is frequently miserably deficient, but in characters of heroic gallantry or amatory softness, he has no superior. His first re-appearance was in *Hamlet*, and he experienced a reception not a little flattering to his abilities. We cannot, however, say, that 'after what we have seen,' his representation quite met our idea of the gallant, the philosophical, the unsophisticated Dane. He certainly elicited some beauties, but the performance, taken en masse, was tame and insipid. Some of the soliloquies were well given; the interview with Ophelia, where he bids her 'go to nunnery,' was chaste, and not so repulsive as we sometimes see it; and the fencing scene, with Laertes, was admirable on both sides, for grace and masterly skill. The most certain evidence of his failure in *Coriolanus* is, that the play has not been repeated; still he looked the noble Roman to advantage, and in one or two scenes was effective. Three years have not yet elapsed since Mr. Wallack crossed the Atlantic with good acting capabilities, and he has returned with them very much improved, though not brought to the summit of perfection; his *Brutus*, in Howard Payne's tragedy of that name, was any thing but successful; with all respect for Mr. Wallack, we term it a complete failure; his *Brutus*, in *Julius Cæsar*, was dignified, and sometimes animated, but certainly not the Roman chieftain drawn by Shakespeare, and embodied by John Kemble. His best scene in *Montalto* was that in which he wandered before the chamber-door of his wife with all that indecision, the natural concomitant of a virtuous mind about to commit a heinous offence. His attitude, on the dagger falling from his hand, was very fine, and his agony, on hearing the fondness and soothing of the being he was about to destroy, was expressed with a perfect fidelity to nature. In our opinion, his *Rolla* is the best thing he has attempted. We have scarcely ever seen, even in Kemble himself, attitudes more graceful than those of Wallack in this character. He was perfectly equal to it. His scene with Alonzo in the dungeon was highly spirited, the brief dialogue with Elvira still more excellent; his carrying off the child produced bursts of applause; his address to his soldiers was marked by great judgment, energy, and feeling, and delivered with considerable force and animation; his death was also excellently managed. Though

the success of Mr. Haynes's tragedy of *Conscience* was owing far more to its own intrinsic merits, than to the exertions of the performers; yet we will not be so unjust as to deny that Mr. Wallack gave much effect to the character of Lorenzo. The gallantry of his resistance to the banditti into whose hands he had fallen, produced great effect; the internal struggle between honour and the compunctious feelings of his better nature, was good, and his refusal, when urged by Arsenio to abandon his wife, finely expressed. We are inclined to think that Mr. Wallack has over-rated his abilities, however highly we may be inclined to estimate them, by attempting *Richard III.* Were Richard a young and impassioned man, a sprightly lover, or a gallant chevalier, Mr. Wallack's representation of him would be inimitable; but this is not the case; Gloster is the victim, if not of years, certainly of deformity; his love is hypocrisy, his whole conduct is a mixture of diabolical fierceness and infernal policy; ambition is his ruling passion, and such ambition, that to delineate it finely, requires a master-hand. In the nicer shades of the character he fell infinitely short of the powerful portrait drawn by Shakespeare, and many of his soliloquies were very far from being well delivered. His best scene was with Lady Anne; there were, however, other points which deserve favourable mention; his attitude, on starting from his dream, was good, and his representation of the terrors which agitate and overwhelm the conscience-stricken tyrant tolerably forcible; he was very animated during the whole of the fifth act, and his fight and death were admirable. We will not notice a single performance of this gentleman previous to his departure for America, but will content ourselves with observing, that his talents have wonderfully expanded within the last three or four years; indeed, we believe, we may safely venture to affirm, that it is a thing unprecedented in the annals of the stage, to find an actor who, seven years back, was in the habit of performing walking gentlemen of the very lowest class, or a captain of a banditti in a melodrama, now enacting the first tragic characters at the first theatre in the world. Mr. Wallack's greatest fault is the indolence he exhibits in those characters which he considers unworthy of him; even in his best performances there is, at times, a degree of listlessness and incertitude, arising, it would seem, from a convic-

tion that his natural talent, without any exertion, is sufficient to attain his object, however great or exalted it may be. This is not the method by which he can ever expect to become a fine tragic actor. Let him rouse himself and recollect, that the honours he has already gained are only to be preserved by an undeviating attention to every character that may be allotted him, and that those honours are 'trifles light as air,' when put in competition with the 'fame, the never-dying fame,' which our great tragedian has so justly and so meritoriously acquired.

W. H. PARRY.

Original Poetry.

ANARCHY.

(From the 'Fulminade', a Poem, written in Romaik, by Dr. Chaliki, of St. Maura.)

JOVE having heard a rumour, that Liberty had abandoned Britain, and fixed her abode on the other side of the Channel, dispatched Hermes to ascertain the fact. The messenger, having returned, relates the result of his inquiries, as follows:—

SAID Hermes, 'as soon as I landed at Paris,
Of all that I met I made careful inquiries,
If 'twas certain that Liberty really came there,
And where could I find her; but none could
tell where,
Till I met with a fellow, with aspect of steel,
Who bawl'd that she lodged where once stood
the Bastille;
"And," quoth he, "if you please, my good ci-
tizen god,
To follow, I'll instantly shew you the road."
And behold, as he said, when we came to the
ground,
No trace of the Bastille was there to be found.—
I marvelled who could have made bold to pull
down
This terror of France and this scourge of the
town.
The rumour we heard, I began now to credit;
There was nothing more like than that Liberty
did it.
But whate'er my conjectures, I resolved to hide,
And implicitly followed the steps of my
guide.—
Wide opened a portal, and displayed to the view
An assemblage of figures, such a horrible crew,
As I ne'er before, since the day of my birth,
Beheld, or in hell, or in heaven, or earth.
High placed on a rostrum of hard frozen blood,
A female, gigantic and terrible stood—
In her right hand, a red-reeking dagger was
seen;
She leaned with her left on a curious ma-
chine,
She called the emblem of freedom, made by
Guillotine.
The mob called her Liberty; swore with one
breath,
They would die to defend her, and glory in
death.—

* The 'Picture of Ancient and Modern Greece,' in a former number, is from the same poem.

I grieved to behold them with blindness so smitten;
 For full in her face I saw *Anarchy* written.
 There Faction was seen in the guise of Equality,
 And was cheered by the rabble with vast prodigality.—
 There glared wild Ambition, with eyes full of flame,
 And having assumed a stern patriot's name,
 He was greeted with many a stupid huzza,
 As his country's saviour, his country's stay;
 While in secret presenting to murder a dirk,
 And admonishing him to be quick at his work;
 'For to night, sir,' said he, with a shrug and a scoff,
 'Of ten thousand Frenchmen the heads must be off.'
 Suspended aloft, on the strength of a hair,
 There Atheism sat in an ebony chair,
 While Truth stood beside her, down ready to cut it,
 And Hell gap'd below her, as prompt to admit it;
 But so thick was the film that envelop'd her sight,
 She could not see Truth though full beaming and bright.
 There Pride and Oppression and Rapine were seen,
 With many a demon unblest and obscene,
 That I verily thought Pandemonium there;
 So I curs'd them and spread my broad pinions in air,
 And in less than a moment to Albion got over,
 Where the first I beheld, on the white cliffs of Dover,
 Apparently grieved and absorbed in deep thought,
 Was the very identical goddess I sought.—
 After greetings, I said I was sorry to find
 That something appear'd to be troubling her mind;—
 And, if 'twere not impertinent, I should be fain
 To know what could give an immortal such pain,—
 'Alas!' she replied, 'you can hardly believe
 The causes how manifold I have to grieve;
 For these Frenchmen, (may Anarchy cut all their throats!)
 For on her, the foul fiend, every fool of them dotes;)
 When they sacrifice millions of my truest friends
 On the shrine of Ambition, to gain their own ends,—
 Till torrents of blood overflow all the land;
 It was I, they affirm, gave the dreadful command.
 Not a folly or crime that they choose to commit,
 But to me all the blame they are sure to transmit—
 But sooner shall chaos resume her old reign,
 And order return to confusion again,
 And Tyranny melt into softness, and hear
 When Justice brings dictates of truth to her ear;
 And sooner Sir ***** shall bow to sobriety—
 Forsake Epicurus for better society.
 * * * * *
 And when honour and glory point out to the brave,
 The death of the hero—the life of the slave;
 The grave where for ever fresh amaranth blows,
 And the tomb of the vile, where the baneful weed grows;
 Then sooner shall Swinton* his courage forget,
 * A gentleman who, if firm loyalty, unsullied honour, approved bravery, and great mili-

And, like a base recreant coward, retreat;
 Refuse for his country, her freedom and law,—
 His sword, when most she requires it, to draw;
 That she blighted the laurels, hear infamy boast on—
 Which bravely he won on the plains of Hindostan;
 And soon shall Health learn to tinkle on brandy,
 And Reason be found in the head of a dandy;
 Old R—d in eloquence equal Saint Paul:
 Grave pimps and grave statesmen forget to cabal;
 A—s abandon his bottle and wench,
 Than I think to live on such terms with the French.
 So, Hermes, tell Jove what he heard was a flam,
 That I'm here, and resolv'd to abide where I am.
 D. M.

Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF CHRIST'S AGONY.

'When shall we behold
 The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand,
 Aspire to ancient praise?'—AKENSIDE.

FROM Mr. Haydon's former picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, though, as we at that time confessed, very deficient in many points necessary to constitute a perfect painting; we were, nevertheless, induced to hope, that every future work would, by raising him a step in the scale of excellence, at length promote him to a rank in his profession, if not the highest, at least not far removed from that superiority, which would enrol him among the brightest ornaments of British art. Shall we say, that upon his re-appearance before the public, we have found ourselves completely deceived in that favourable judgment? We fear that such must be our acknowledgment, and we likewise fear that succeeding performances will but contribute to sanction our second and severer sentence. That in this we may be again mistaken is our earnest, yet, alas! hopeless wish; and we can assure Mr. Haydon that if such superiority be possible, we shall hail the correction of that error with greater joy than even the grief we now feel at the development of that deception under which we have hitherto been labouring; a development which has been effected by a sight of that picture, on which it is now our painful duty to pass opinion. There was, perhaps, never a more glaring instance of perverted talent and of daring degenerated, we might almost say, into mental distraction, than the principle upon which this subject has been conceived, and the execution which marks its tary skill and talents, were certain steps to high military rank, would not, after forty years' actual service, be suffered to pine in obscurity on the miserable pittance of a colonel's half-pay, with the empty rank of major-general.—TRANS.

performance. The conception of the history is marked by a ridiculous and unreasonableness; and the method in which that conception has been embodied is conspicuous for the utmost paucity of exertion, and, as far as appearances would lead us to believe, the greatest negligence which can be compatible with the desire of admiration. The artist seems to have passed that decision upon his own merits which he wished, and, therefore, expected it would be the decision of the public, to whose eyes he was about to submit his performance, not, however, in the hope of profiting by their opinions, or the wish of hearing those opinions promulgated, but with all the confidence of one unused to censure, and untaught to calculate upon its probability. This is not, however, the road to attain perfection, nor even to preserve the scale of merit already mounted; and the work, now unfortunately submitted to the eye of public criticism and to the voice of public judgment, is an egregious proof of the truth of that maxim, so frequently in the mouth of the late Emperor of France, and so happily illustrated by the occurrences of his life, 'that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step.'

'The Agony,' under the pencil of Mr. Haydon, has been clothed in all the coarseness and vulgarity of the Dutch school, without its truth, its nature, or its vivacity; it glows with all the rich gorgeousness of colouring in the Venetian style, without the harmony which combines and blends and chastens that glow in the works of a Titian or a Corregio; it strikes upon the soul with that wildness which astonishes us in the mighty conceptions of a Michael Angelo, without one spark of that sublimity which darts into the soul the electric force of an adoring awe, and which that transcendent genius alone knew how to draw down in its whole and undiminished strength.

All those high and ennobling reflections, all those awful and soul-subduing imaginations, all those grateful and fervid feelings which should exalt, aggrandise, and soften the spirit of the spectator at the sight of the Messiah in the heart-rending struggle between his mortal and immortal nature, are left unawakened, unthought of, and uncalled for! while that solemn and imposing scene which Imagination presents to us at the recollection of 'the agony,' that agony which no human and no superhuman species, unless

combined in Christ, could support or even experience, has been treated in a way which no period of that wondrous life, even attended with less awful circumstances, nay, which no grand history of purely mortal agency would have warranted; the veil hardly to be touched by the highest mortal genius, has been rudely torn off, and, instead of the glorious aspirations of suffering Deity, we are shocked by a scene without sublimity or beauty, at which our wounded feelings will not allow us to smile, which our disgusted senses will not permit us to admire.

W. H. PARRY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Sheridan's admirable comic opera of the *Duenna*, was performed at this theatre on Tuesday night, for the purpose of introducing Miss Wilson in the character of Clara. The *Duenna* is the best production of that species of opera invented by Mr. Addison, who combined sense with sound, and first introduced native music into our operas. It contains the very best of our Scotch and Irish airs, set by one of the most skilful composers of music. The harmony, melody, and expression arise from those strains which men of plain unadulterated taste do like, not from those which would-be connoisseurs pretend to like. Instead of exciting surprise by mere execution, these delightful tunes please and interest the heart. Sheridan has certainly in this piece carried opera to the highest pitch of excellence which it has ever attained; for, independent of its musical attractions, the dialogue possesses more comic excellence than most comedies. Though less general and comprehensive in its satire than the *Beggar's Opera*, it is superior to it in brilliant wit, in distinctness and discrimination of characters, in appositeness of sentiment and language; besides, it far surpasses it in another view—it is totally unexceptionable in point of moral tendency. The characters in the *Duenna* are very strongly marked. Little Isaac is perhaps as humorous a portrait as ever has been presented, and the scenes between him and Margaret (the *Duenna*) are as comic as can well be conceived. Here is a great abundance of brilliant imagery and sterling wit, mixed with the most agreeable humour; and a better description of the shallow cunning of trivial minds is perhaps no where to be found than in the sly little Isaac.

The opera was, perhaps, never better cast than it was on the present occasion; for, in addition to the attractions of Miss Wilson as Clara, Braham was Carlos; Horn, Don Ferdinand; T. Cooke, Antonio; Munden, Don Jerome; Knight, Isaac; Mrs. Edwin the *Duenna*, and Miss Povey, Louisa. The part of Clara is much better suited to the powers of Miss Wilson than that of Rosetta, and she sustained the character admirably. She was encored in almost every song, and she gave some of them with a skill and execution which we have seldom heard, particularly 'Adieu thou dreary pile,' which was her greatest triumph. Braham, in whose praise eulogy is exhausted, gave 'Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,' and 'Just like Love,' which has been introduced, in inimitable style. Horn was very effective in Don Ferdinand, Munden pre-eminently ludicrous in Don Jerome, and Knight quite at home in the humour of Isaac Mendoza; but he made a Yorkshire Jew of him, perhaps to give an additional zest to the cunning of the Israelite. T. Cooke played well, and sung better in Don Antonio, and Mrs. Edwin made an excellent *Duenna*, although the play-bills inform us it was her 'first attempt at any character of that description.' Nor must we forget Miss Povey, who, in Louisa, gave proofs of the rapid improvement she has made.

The Oratorio, on Wednesday night, was well attended, when the new grand Requiem was performed for the second time. A grand selection of ancient and modern music followed, with some pieces from Beethoven's *Battle Symphony*, which concluded with our national anthem, newly arranged with the accompaniment of thirteen harps, by M. Bochsa and his pupils.

COVENT GARDEN.—The *Stranger*, which has been as much censured and admired as any play that ever kept a footing on the stage, was performed at this theatre on Tuesday night. It has been objected to Kotzebue, that, as a dramatic writer, he always chose females seduced from the path of virtue for his heroines; that, in order to appear new and original, he built his plots upon eccentric and improbable events,—that he disfigured his style with sententious observations, full of false morality, and offended alike the conventional forms of civilized society and common decency. This is, indeed, a serious charge, and, if true, would be sufficient condemnation of his dramas; but the *Stranger* and *Lover's Vows* by

no means justify it. It was once, we believe, seriously proposed to Miss O'Neil, by a fastidious moralist, that it should not appear that Mrs. Haller had deviated from the path of virtue. This would certainly be like performing the tragedy of *Hamlet*, and leaving out the hero; for the whole interest of the character rests on the deep and sincere penitence which Mrs. Haller feels for her former guilt; and without entering into any lengthened disquisition on the morality of this play, we may safely observe, that we believe no woman would ever sin if she thought the transgression would be followed by the sufferings and repentance of Mrs. Haller.

The principal attraction of the evening, was the first appearance of Miss Dance, in the part of Mrs. Haller. This lady, of whom report had spoken very highly, possesses a good figure and a face capable of great expression. Her *debut* was a successful one, and she displayed talents of a very superior order, although she laboured under considerable agitation. In the interview with her husband and the children, she was particularly happy, and rendered this scene very affecting. Although it would scarcely be fair to decide from a first appearance, when the lady suffered much from her embarrassment, yet we may safely venture to say, that she possesses talents which, when matured by a little experience, will render her a very valuable acquisition to the stage. Mr. Charles Kemble sustained the character of the Stranger, and did we not know the chasteness of this actor, and the improvement which he still continues to make, we should have doubted his success. He soon, however, placed that out of all doubt, and strongly reminded us of his brother, to whom only he is second in the character. Miss Dance's performance was received throughout with much applause, and the play announced for repetition amidst continued cheering.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Mathews's new entertainments attract crowded houses every evening. The two first parts are said to have been written by Mr. James Smith, one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' and the last part, that of the *Packet Boat*, has been written and produced by Mr. R. Peake, jun. of the treasury (not in Whitehall, but) at this theatre.

M. ALEXANDRE.—We have hitherto omitted to notice M. Alexandre, the

professor of ventriloquism, or vocal illusion, who, after astonishing the Duke and Duchess of Clarence and the world of fashion, at the Argyle Rooms, has been practising his *illusion* at the City of London Tavern, before the 'Lord Mayor and several distinguished personages.' This gentleman's ventriloquial, or we would rather call them *ubiquivocal* talents, are, indeed, astonishing. He imitates old men and young maids, cats, dogs, and such 'small deer,' with astonishing precision; and he is able so to change his voice, as to make it appear at a considerable distance, or under circumstances of restraint. His conversation with a chimney-sweep, whose voice becomes weaker as he ascends the chimney, surpassed all the exhibitions of vocal illusion that we ever witnessed.

MISS MACAULEY.—This lady has commenced a course of theatrical entertainments, at the European Museum, King Street, St. James's, which has been recently fitted up as a theatre. The performances consist of recitations, serious and comic, of her own composition, and obtain much applause from fashionable and numerous audiences. Miss Macauley's excellence in tragic scenes has been long known to the public and generally admired,—and her comic talents may also be justly considered of the first class; but we are not disposed to pay the high eulogiums to her merits as a vocal performer so liberally bestowed upon her by the diurnal prints. We conceive it would be a great improvement in the evenings' amusement, were she to substitute for her songs her admirable readings.

We have received an account of a singular occurrence, that has excited considerable interest at Cadiz, and which does not appear to have attracted the attention of our journalists. Towards the end of December last, after a long succession of stormy weather, which had strewed the coast with wrecks, the hull of a large vessel was discovered on shore in Catalina Bay, Port Mary's, without any pre-appearance of the approach of a vessel in that direction, or any indication of one having been recently lost. It was, at first, supposed, that the vessel might have foundered in the vicinity of the Bay, and had been driven in by the violence of the weather; but, on examining her, to the general surprise, she was ascertained to be one of the French ships of war sunk in the memorable

battle of Trafalgar, so long back as the year 1805, and must, since the period of her immersion, have drifted beneath the sea, a distance of more than thirty miles.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'Family Trunk,' No. V.; *Londoniana*, No. XVI, containing an Historical Account of the Inns of Court; and Portraits of Dissenting Ministers, in our next.

The favours of L., Eliza, O. F., and Alpheus, shall have early insertion.

The epithalamium of our Correspondent at Isleworth, is written with much humour, but it is too personal; and, therefore, cannot be inserted.

Errata, p. 170, col. 1, l. 4, for 'walls' read 'halls'; c. 2, l. 16 from bottom, for 'philosopher' read 'philosophy'; p. 172, c. 1, l. 37, for 'hugs' read 'tugs'; p. 173, c. 3, l. 58, for 'steels' read 'steals'; p. 174, c. 1, l. 23, for 'deply' read 'deeply'; l. 49, for 'way' read 'ray'; l. 51, for 'ray' read 'way.'

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